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FOR WHAT PURPOSE?

Before any citizen, who has a decent regard for his own standing in this community yields to the persuasions of the little group which is attempting to organize a local Ku Klux Klan, he should ask himself some very serious questions.

Forget, if you wish, the discredit which this organization has brought upon itself by its acts of outlandish in various parts of the nation.

Forget or discard as untrue, the various exposures of the inner workings of the Klan, the sale of ditch water for initiation rites, the profits in robes and other paraphernalia.

Put down to prejudice or brush away as unimportant the fact that makes and cloaks are usually the signs of a sinister purpose and its high colored bath and its ritual may be but the final expression of a boyish love of tricks and romance.

And then, when you have cleared your mind of any of the usual reasons in other communities for bringing discredit upon this Klan, which have made thinking men protest against an effort to supplant government by force, which have made its name a very terror to the peaceful, ask yourself what reason there can be for its presence in this community or in the lives of any considerable portion of men in the community.

At its very best, and giving full faith and credence to those who pretend to speak for it, the Klan is devoted to charity, a respect for law and a purer Americanism. Is there any call of charity in this city which has not been answered as soon as the appeal has reached the ears of not only organized charities but as soon as the first faint sob of anguish has reached the ears of private citizens?

The Klan, as a force for further charity, is neither necessary nor advisable.

Is there any thing that the Klan might do to create a greater respect for law that can not be better done by a ballot at the polls?

Is there so flagrant a condition of lawlessness of public officials, so great a denial of public rights and such protected wrongs as to demand an unofficial sponsorship for the law in this city?

It is admitted that the present city administration is the equal of any in any city and superior to that of most cities.

No charge of graft, of privilege, of discrimination, of arbitrary use of authority to oppress would be met with other than a smile if any one should seriously make it.

The laws are being enforced. The criminal has learned that South Bend is not a safe place for him to operate. The standard of equality before the law is maintained.

No one has ever charged that crime is protected, either for money or by sinister influence.

The Klan, as a successor to the Vigilantes of the early days of the coast or as the regulator of public officials has no field of operation in this city.

As for a higher standard of Americanism, what episode has occurred or condition existed that could suggest the necessity for this secret order of masked men in this city?

South Bend has shown a loyalty to the traditions of this nation, a devotion to the ideals of the land that is unmatched in any part of the nation.

Of all cities and communities, this might be pointed to as typical and the nation with pride declare, "Here is Americanism at its best. This is America."

What purpose, then, has this organization in mind when it tries to induce men to secretly enroll themselves upon its lists?

What is the real aim of those who are trying to bring here an organization with an unsavory record in other places to disturb and to annoy?

The Klan, in other places is accused of fostering religious and race prejudice, of arousing hate in the minds of men against other men of different color and of different religious creed.

If that be the purpose, it is a wicked and a terrible act which these have in mind when they try to persuade men to enroll themselves upon a secret list, ashamed to stand forth and admit participation in the very order they create.

In a city which might well be a center of religious prejudice, this community has shown so broad and rich a spirit of toleration that few know and none care the religious affiliations of any other man.

Would these raise a spirit of religious fanaticism and intolerance to replace that fine sentiment of freedom of conscience which permits a Protestant to be the head of the directors of the great Catholic University?

Would these who plead for members ask that this condition be replaced by one where suspicion, hate and anger are rampant because of different faith?

Would they replace that community spirit which brings together in the great civic organizations and clubs the Jew and the Gentile upon an equal plane of respect and service with one which arouses every hateful consciousness of race and divides a city into armed camps of hating, vengeful men?

Would they abolish that situation which now gives to the negro a place in this community of respect and of opportunity, of friendship and of peace, with one which would send the citizens of darker color shrinking through alleys to a bed of terror each night?

This is a community of law. It is a community which is American. It is a community without prejudice and without that animus of intolerance which has held men apart from each other.

If this Klan, now secretly organizing, proposes to tear down this fine spirit, to supplant it with suspicion, hate, and force, what is their reason and what do they hope to accomplish?

Thoughtful men will frown upon any such effort as illadvised, if it be not sinister and cruelly destructive.

FROM TIBURON.

South of California, in that gulf which is a part of the Pacific, lies Tiburon Island. It is a part of

Mexico and as little developed as other western sections of that sister republic.

It contributed something to the history of mankind the other day when a party of Americans, digging a well, came upon the body of a man ten feet high, petrified and preserved for centuries through some strange chemical changes.

The Mexican government sent its scientists to investigate, and Mexico, far from being an ignorant and benighted land, is the home of some very learned men. These scientists verify the authenticity of the discovery, pronounce it real and not some manufactured fake to be later exhibited by American Barnums.

What happened on that Island of Tiburon centuries ago that wiped away a race of giants? Or was this one man the only giant of the race, an exceptional creature among those who were pygmies or no taller than men of today?

Those who believe that the world will always be the same as it is at present, that social systems and governments, climatic conditions and habits are forever fixed should look upon this stone man from Tiburon with something of dismay.

For it is quite probable that he, too, when he walked this earth held the same belief, if he had a brain that thought at all.

A part of the history of the world is written by Nature and Destiny. The upheavals from volcanoes, great floods, the recessions of waters have left their indelible records on the rocks and stones.

The important part of history is written in the voluntary acts of men, their vision or lack of it, their purpose or failure to find a meaning in life.

This forgotten race, no matter whether it was one of giants or of normal men, can be safely put down as a race that lacked the power of thought.

It possessed, perhaps, an animal instinct of self preservation. Menaced by heat, it would find no other means of relief than some shaded spot. Threatened by cold, it would hurry towards the sun. Beyond that, it had no protective power.

The present race of men will not be destroyed by changes of nature. Man has learned to duplicate every physical phenomenon.

Through chemistry and artificial air currents, he drives away heat. By capturing the power of falling waters, by digging into the bowels of the earth, by capturing the rays of the sun itself and storing them, he provides against cold.

Earthquakes and volcanoes are no longer really destructive because men are coming to know their probabilities. Men at last begin to understand not only the surface of the globe but its composition.

That stone giant, sleeping through centuries, is only another warning that the world, which has brains, should use them. Man has conquered everything but himself. He has found the secret to most knowledge, except that which concerns his own heart.

UNDERGROUND.

If you could come back to earth 2000 years from now, the chances are that you would find every one living underground.

There is a new idea for you. It comes from Prof. A. M. Low, brilliant young inventor who had charge of British wireless control work during the war.

His prediction does not seem so bizarre and impossible after you follow the way he reasons it out. For instance:

Our remote ancestors, far back in the mists of time, must have had the strength and endurance of gorillas. Otherwise they would have lost out in the eternal struggle for existence.

Steadily the human race grows weaker. If we were suddenly thrust into the rough sort of life that our ancestors lived thousands of years ago, we would die of cold and exposure, for our physical powers of resistance are infinitely weaker than were theirs.

Says Low: "We human beings are growing weaker every day. Our teeth are growing worse, our eyes are failing, our limbs are more delicate. We need parasites to keep off the sun, umbrellas to keep off the rain."

"Is it illogical, then, to suppose that in time to come we shall be unable to bear even the slight hardships to which we are now subjected? I think not."

"Our eyes will be too weak to stand the light of day. And we shall burrow underground and only come to the surface with special precautions."

It is almost pathetic, to watch the extremes of toil to which men in sedentary occupations resort to keep their bodies functioning healthily. Physical exercise is resorted to as an antidote to counteract the weakness that inevitably is resulting from living unnatural lives.

Riding in autos and street cars and elevators, if persisted in, will result in a race with weak, pin-stem legs. And eventually by the laws of evolution, legs seldom used will practically shrivel up and vanish.

Millions of men still toil on farms and in mills and factories. But twilight is descending on that day, machinery taking the place of human labor.

What shape will man's body eventually be deformed into by the unnatural life of little or no physical activity? Quite easily he might develop into a spider-like individual, largely head.

UPHOLD THE LAW.

By his decision in the local celebrated scandal, Judge DuComb clearly and plainly points out to the higher courts a stern duty which should not be avoided.

By his decision which partakes largely of the character of the old Scotch verdict of "not proven," and in the performance of his duty, he declared that he believed that the story told by the complaining woman upon the stand to have been true.

No one was in a better position to judge of the truth and the veracity of witnesses that this judge, who watched each and every change of expression, who saw the play of emotions and who observed the things not put into words that occur in court rooms.

When he decreed that this woman's story of shame and sin were, in his opinion, true, he then stamped the story of the man she accused as an unqualified falsehood.

If her story of guilty meetings were convincing, if it is to be believed, then the story that the man told a story of his presence at an altar at the time he was engaged in clandestine meetings, must be branded as little else than perjury.

The case itself should be promptly forgotten and passed over with as much charity towards the guilty participants and with a determination that the innocent relatives suffer as little as possible.

But the announcement from the bench that a man has come into court with a manufactured story, with a tale that had in it no truth, that with evidence that was purely a result of concoction and imagination, makes a mockery of courts and of the law.

The grand jury which will soon meet, should be instructed in the wording of the judges' decision in this case. The respect for courts which is necessary in a republic cannot exist if the laws can be evaded or avoided through the bowdlerized method of lies.

Famous Mount Of Late Rail King Retires



WALTER HILL AND "OLD DAN."

By NEA Service.
LIVINGSTON, Mont., Sept. 23.—Perhaps "Old Dan" does look just like any ordinary horse, as he roams the green pastures of a ranch here.

But folks in the surrounding country know different.

They know that "Old Dan" was once the favorite saddle mount of the late James J. Hill, railroad king, and they also know that now the veteran has retired and has packed his last saddle.

It all came about like this:

The appraisers of Mrs. James J. Hill's estate—she died a year ago

leaving \$18,000,000—estimated "Old Dan's" value at \$65. It was decided to sell him to the highest bidder.

Walter Hill, youngest son of James J., heard about it. He is a lover of horses and he headed for St. Paul, Minn., to purchase "Old Dan."

Brothers and sisters of Walter attended the auction and bid in on the horse. It started at \$25 and soon passed \$400. Walter finally told them all he was going to have "Old Dan" if it cost him \$10,000. Walter won.

And now "Old Dan" has retired. He'll just loaf, and, as Walter Hill says, "will never again wear a saddle."

'Master Crook' Baffles Keenest English Sleuths

LONDON, Sept. 30.—(By U. P.)—A Napoleon has been reborn in London—a Napoleon of crime.

Great jewel robberies have been the outstanding features of this London season, robberies as huge as Scotland Yard itself admits that these robberies are the work of a master-mind, a super-crook.

Newspapers are likening this super-crook to Prof. Moriarty—Coan Doyle's famous fiction character.

Scotland Yard sleuths have already named the unknown super-chief "Moriarty." They are fully convinced that he is at the head of an international protective organization of crooks, which plans burglary, safe breaking and jewel stealing on an unprecedented scale.

"Moriarty," they say, has a town house and a country house, a fleet of motor cars, and a host of friends, straight and crooked, in London's best society. They do not know what Moriarty looks like. He may be a lord, for all they know, but they are convinced that he is a man high in society.

J. W. Bell, one of London's leading assessors, claims to know the man, but dare not give him away. All he will say is that "Moriarty" is the financier and brains of the thieves who work for him.

"Moriarty," Bell claims, has women agents as well as men—some of them, he declares, are titled. They will watch an intended victim for months, trail him across continents, work their way into his homes as maidservants or confidantes, until the time is ripe to strike.

Detectives declare that in all the latest big jewel heists the victims have been shadowed for months. Here are a few of the big "jobs" which have taken place this season:

Mrs. J. Byrne, an American, robbed of \$60,000 worth of jewelry. Business man's wife robbed of \$20,000 worth of jewels in a big hotel.

Fly Hunter, Seeking Scientific Facts, Disregards Russian Peril

MOSCOW, Sept. 30.—With a detached, scientific look in his eyes and glass jars full of flies in his suitcase, Prof. Muler, zoologist and specialist in heredity, formerly of Columbia and now of the University of Texas, flew into Moscow—one of the first Americans to make use of the new airplane line connecting Moscow with Berlin.

Couldn't Be Worried.

Bolsheviks and red armies and nationalization of property were nothing in his young life. He was interested in flies, through the breeding of which he studied the laws of heredity, making new discoveries which some day might be applied to human life. He was taking a vacation trip to Europe and met in Germany Russian scientists, also out on vacation. He learned that work similar to his was being done in Russia. And so he decided to go right in.

Just like that! While business men and diplomats wonder whether Russia is safe to deal with, while passports and visas and stamps and customs put up a wall which keeps any but the most hardy out of Russia, this pleasantly sloot scientist just cheerfully wandered in. If any of the customs officers or special police suspected his suitcase and examined it they would have been still more startled on discovering that his baggage consisted largely of flies!

For naturally he took his precious flies with him; he was not going to let them languish and die in Berlin, carrying with them into obscurity who knows what secrets of the laws of heredity. But when he went out of Russia again he divided his flies with the scientific institutes near Moscow, because he considered them quite worthy of the honor and able to carry on his experiments at least as well as he did.

Found Kindred Souls.

"They are carrying on the same kind of experiments here," he said in Moscow, on his way to visit the genetic station at Annikova, "but they have been doing it with even more developed animals. I am amazed at the scientific develop-

ment I find here. I never heard of this Annikova Station before I came here, and I find that it was organized four years ago, during all the war and revolution, and has 40 active scientific collaborators, who have introduced many new facts into the science of heredity. It is quite splendidly equipped.

"And this is only one small department of the Institute of Experimental Biology, under Prof. Kolzoff. I also saw the new Institute of Biological Chemistry, where more than a hundred experimenters were working under Prof. Bach. I visited an Institute of Hydro-Biology, also under Kolzoff's general department.

Regenerated Birds.

"I saw canary birds old and dying who very shortly afterward were hopping and singing like young birds, through the transplanting of sex-organs. In the study of rejuvenation they are getting remarkable results with chickens and other small birds. And Prof. Ivanoff has done important work on the artificial fertilization of animals, proving that cows, for instance, can be artificially fertilized to a much higher grade.

"In fact, I am amazed by what I found here. I expected very much less on account of the wars they have had and the hard economic conditions. But, of course, they are much in need of contact with the outside world and with literature from abroad. This is a great drawback to them, and it ought to be removed. It is quite necessary for scientists to interchange ideas and even visit occasionally. The thought in America that science in Russia is dying is quite untrue."

"Did you have much trouble getting in?" he was asked.

"Well, I did waste a lot of time in Berlin waiting for a visa. They didn't seem to understand my business at first, but the Russian scientists arranged it for me. After I got to Moscow I found a young man working in the foreign office who used to be a pupil of mine in Columbia, and after that it was easy to get introductions."

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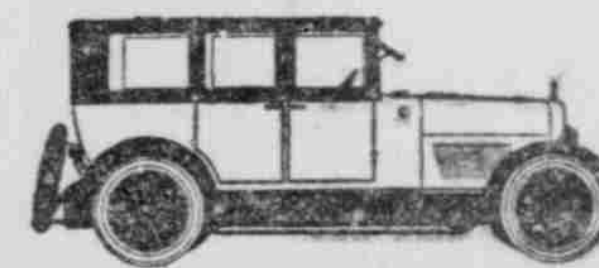
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